



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

mer clouds, they overshadowed us for a moment, and then passed away, lost in the bright, the glorious sunshine that has succeeded.

Republicanism flows from New-Hampshire to Georgia, in one broad deep and irresistible stream. Vain are all attempts to destroy its strength, divert its course, or arrest the progress of its current. Stay but its tide for an instant, and it collects its countless waves, and bears down the feeble barriers that oppose its progress. As well might you attempt to restrain Ontario at his outlet, or check Niagara in his thundering torrent.

BROTHERS,

It is your pride and honour, that in every national vicissitude you have been unwavering in your adherence to our republican institutions. You have preserved the pure flame of liberty like a sacred fire within your walls. Persevere in this exalted conduct—watch, incessantly watch, with a patriotism that never droops—with a vigilance that never slumbers over the welfare of your country. Let the bands of brotherly affection ever entwine your hearts, and keep bright and unimpaired your chain of union.

In the present address you have the warm feelings and sentiments of my heart. May the advice of youth be matured by your more weighty judgment; and while life shall be spared you, may each returning anniversary find you in your rights, your fortunes, and domestic comforts, living testimonials of the prosperity and the freedom of your country.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A DIALOGUE ON LETTER-WRITING, AND
TRIFLING AWAY TIME.

MR. V— Well, Miss Ardent, you are always busy, always in too

great a hurry to speak to me; but as you are good tempered, I am not afraid to ask you what you are now going to do, as I am sure you will tell me.

Miss Ardent. Certainly I will tell you what I intend to do; but indeed I have not quite made up my mind—I am thinking of writing to Miss Flimsy.

Mr. V— Have you any business with her?

Miss Ardent. Business, sir! what upon earth has either she or I to do with business, and even if I had any commission to town, Miss Flimsy is the last person I should ask, for she is so forgetful and helpless that I should be disappointed.

Mr. V— Have you a great affection for her, or any news to tell her?

Miss Ardent. I like her well enough, but I have not one word of news to tell her.

Mr. V. I cannot imagine what you can have to write about, if you have neither business, expressions of affection, or news to communicate.

Miss Ardent. Did you ever hear of sentimental letters?

Mr. V— I have heard of them, but I think there is too little similarity in the characters of you and Miss Flimsy to induce you to sharpen your faculties against hers, or to unlock the secret springs of your heart for her to explore.

Miss Ardent. Indeed sir I have no great satisfaction in opening my mind to her, but you know we must make some use of our energies, and find some déposé for our overflowing thoughts, and I happen to have no other friend who expresses the same pleasure at receiving my letters as Miss Flimsy does.

Mr. V— I suppose she flatters you; confess to me is not this the

inducement you have to write. While you are writing, you feel your superiority to her; and when she replies, you are still more fully convinced of it.

Miss Ardent. I confess it, but I assure you that the pleasure we obtain from the admiration of persons of inferior intellect, is very transient.

Mr. V.— It must be so, when the praises of the good and judicious are not sufficient to produce durable satisfaction. Nothing will have this effect but the consciousness of having daily and hourly filled our allotted duties. The praises of men are but breath which intoxicates and passes away; neither can any human being judge of our motives for doing the best actions.

Miss Ardent. I will not make a display of my talents by writing to Miss Flimsy, but I must do something; I cannot be idle.

Mr. V.— I would by no means have you idle; but I would have you rather to sit still, or to take a solitary walk, than to endeavour to make a display of your genius. As a sovereign remedy for the listlessness, the discontent, and the restlessness which alternately are the diseases of youth (particularly those who have a little more talents or animation than usual) I prescribe for you some settled occupation, to which you *may* at any time have recourse, and to which you *must* pay very frequent attention; this will prove an object whereon you may employ all your faculties; it will not chill or wither the blooming ardour of youth; your best sentiments may still be awake, and a solidity and permanence render all your thoughts and feelings more valuable, and in reality more beautiful.

Miss Ardent. I shall certainly be guided by your advice. Cucum-

stances you know have occurred which have put it in my power to do with myself as I pleased, and though my liberty and leisure have been often envied, yet they have been a torment to myself, and kept me in a perpetual chase after unreal pleasures. Your life and actions have been such as to give you authority to advise all triflers like me.

Mr. V.— I can so far speak from experience that I have never known happiness except where my conscience told me I was useful.

A.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A DIALOGUE ON A BOARDING-SCHOOL EDUCATION.

MRS. D. Maria is now fourteen, and I think it is high time to finish her education. What boarding school do you prefer?

Mrs. E. Indeed I am a very inadequate judge of boarding-schools, as I am not partial to any of them; nor indeed to that mode of either beginning or finishing education. I would advise you to keep Maria at home.

Mrs. D. I don't think that girls ever get that polish at home, which governesses used to the business of education can give them, except indeed they have one equally accomplished at home, which I could not afford; and even in that case they cannot see so much of fashionable life as at school.

Mrs. E. Perhaps not so much artificial life, which I think is quite an advantage to them.

Mrs. D. Would you not have your daughter taught any of those accomplishments which embellish her natural endowments, and may prove a means of advancing her in life?

Mrs. E. Any artificial accomplishment which I could not teach her myself, nor afford to pay a person to come to the house to teach